AN 100ul

ODE

To His GRACE the

Duke of Newcaſtle.

Written on the preſent Tranquillity of *Europe*, Eſtabliſh'd by the Influence of the *Britiſh* Power.

Nihil habet aut Fortuna tua majus, quàm ut poſſis; aut Natura tua melius, quàm ut velis, quam plurimos conſervare. Cic.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Batley, at the *Dove* in *Pater-noſter Row*.

MDCCXXXII.

[Price Six Pence.]

®

AN

ODE

To His GRACE the

Duke of Newcaſtle.

WHILE Youth your Poet once inſpir'd,
And Fancy warm'd, and Genius fir'd;
Around his Harp the Muſes hung,
And *Phœbus* ſmil'd, whene'er he ſung.

But Years, alas, and trembling Age
Now check his Flights, and damp his Rage:
Striving in vain to wake the Lyre,
Tho' *GEORGE* invites, and you inſpire.

Gay Scenes no more his Breaſt can warm,
Nor Beauty pleaſe, nor Muſick charm:
Releas'd from every mortal Woe,
How ſoon to mix with Shades below?

While *Britons* there around me preſs
Your Acts to hear, and Conduct bleſs;
To learn what Nations, Juſt or Brave,
Your Schemes exalt, or Counſels ſave.

What Kings above have loſt a Crown
By Heaven's Decree, or *Britain*'s Frown;
O'er whoſe ſad Realms her Sword has paſt,
Or what lov'd State ſhe reſcu'd laſt!

Inſtead of Names renown'd of old,
What Patriots Time has now enroll'd;
To Arts and Arms Succeſs to give,
What *Seymours* now, and *Lumleys* live.

If ſtill to aid our great Deſigns,
Our Fleets ſhut up *Iberia*'s Mines;
Or to her pardon'd King more kind,
Permit his Sails to uſe the Wind.

In *Marlbro's* Room, if brave *Argyle*,
Like *Mars* ſurvives to guard our Iſle;
If *Brunſwick*'s Race is doom'd to awe,
And Empires ſave, like great *Naſſau*.

If *Compton*, *Britain*'s Boaſt and Pride,
In her Debates does ſtill preſide,
With each great Worth, and Vertue fair,
If *Ouſlow* ſtill enjoys the Chair.

By Kings belov'd, if *Richmond* born
To poliſh Courts, and Camps adorn,
Does with each noble Gift engage,
In Youth, the Praiſe of wond'ring Age!

If the beſt Model fram'd to give
How Peers ſhou'd pleaſe, and Patriots live;
Pallas does ſtill her Counſel lend,
Fond in each Act to be his Friend.

The Crowd impatient till they hear
If War is huſh'd, and Peace is near;
If with the Sun our Navies fly,
And Commerce ſpreads thro' every Sky!

To ſtretch her Power from Pole to Pole,
Enquiring, what new Oceans rowl;
Aloft what Promontories ſoar
They had not won, or view'd before.

If curs'd Ambition, damp'd with Fear,
Trembles to view her End is near;
If *Walpole*'s Prudence meets Succeſs,
And Envy gives him leave to bleſs;

If the dire Fury whelm'd with Pain,
Her Wiles all weak, and Threatnings vain;
Sinks not oppreſt with cold Deſpair,
To view his Fame each Day more fair.

To theſe relating with a Smile,
The Bleſſings ſhower'd on *Britain*'s Iſle;
What Gifts by you her Sons poſſeſs,
Whom Wealth and Freedom join to bleſs;

Treaſon how impotent to thrive,
And plan dark Schemes, while you ſurvive!
Unfolding all her ſubtle Arts,
To turn our Head, and win our Hearts.

Abroad our Arms how much rever'd,
Our Courage own'd, and Counſels fear'd:
While *Spain* demands of us alone,
Whoſe Sons ſhall fill the *Thuſcan* Throne.

How Faction tam'd at laſt, in Dread
Of hovering Vengeance hides her Head;
Sickens in lonely Shades—deplor'd,
Our Fame retriev'd, and Power reſtor'd.

Elizium pleas'd, as I unfold
A Name, unmatch'd by Names of old;
By all his Godlike Worth approv'd,
To Subjects dear, by Kings belov'd.

Their Country's Fame well pleas'd to view,
Propt by his Care, and Courage too:
Britain from every Dread releas'd,
And *Europe* by his Schemes appeas'd.

Raviſh'd each liſt'ning Shade to hear
What Foes his Vertues praiſe, or fear;
How *Albion* all their Arts derides,
While *Brunſwick* rules, and *Holles* guides.

The Theme now varying as I tell,
How bleſt above we Poets dwell!
In Freedom's Cauſe, whoever wrote,
No Muſe diſdain'd, or Bard forgot.

Each Genius, nobly to enflame
Riches, the Dowry now of Fame:
Gay *Clio* in her Chariot bore,
Who ſeldom kept her Pad before!

As thus I praiſe your generous Hand,
Shou'd ſome unlucky Ghoſt demand,
" Pray, Sir, amongſt the happy few,
" What Honours, and what Poſt had you?

" The bounteous Stateſman you commend
" On Earth, no doubt, his Poet's Friend;
" With Merit charm'd, ſo good to all,
" Muſt needs oblige you with a Stall!

" Your Caſe had been extreamly hard,
" All paid— to miſs a juſt Reward;
" By *Phœbus*, for your boaſted Lays
" Deck'd only with a Wreath of Bays.

" When *CAROLINE* vouchſaf'd her Ear,
" And *W--lp--le* ſmil'd, your Verſe to hear;
" You cou'd not breathe a loyal Strain,
" Or ſing to him you praiſe in vain;

" To write, rewarded with a Smile,
" Is hardly worth a Poet's while;
" And for lean Fame, there's little in't,
" Which never pays for half you print.

" But doubtleſs you, amongſt the reſt,
" His Smiles have reach'd, and Bounty bleſt.
" At Court perhaps an eaſy Place,
" Or Penſion—begg'd you by his Grace!

" Or elſe a Church, your happier Share
" With good great Tythes—and little Care:
" If I judge right—as I believe
" A Parſon, by your Hat and Sleeve!

Ah, noble Sir, to ſpoil the Jokes
Of theſe facetious laughing Folks;
When I deſcend, to ſing your Fame,
What may I call my PREBEND's Name?

Near what Cathedral ſmiling tell,
You gave me leave at Eaſe to dwell;
Nigh *Windſor* Court, or *Peter*'s Dome,
By you aſſign'd your Poet's Home.

As yet unable to divine
(That Power great Patriot only thine)
If with new Life your Bard to fire,
The Gift ſhall be a Pew or Quire!

If the learn'd Shelves, deſign'd to hold
My Books and Bands, are new or old;
What Rooms for Study, or for Sleep;
And if the Vaults for Wine are deep?

The Eaſy-Chair with Reverence kept,
Where my learn'd Predeceſſor ſlept;
With Preaching long, and oft perplext,
Left for that Uſe to pleaſe the next.

All theſe perhaps you know—the Air
How ſweet—my Walks how cool and fair:
What once ſhall be your Writer's Fate,
Promotion very ſure—tho' late.

As then a fleeting Shade I go
To viſit Kings and Chiefs below;
Great Heroes awful Forms to view,
And Patriots lov'd, and prais'd like you.

Sages for peaceful Arts renown'd,
Their Brows with Wreaths of Olive crown'd;
Deep Rays of Light around 'em caſt,
The *Pellhams* of fam'd Ages paſt.

If ask'd by theſe, who may enquire,
How large my Church, how tall its Spire;
Where my rich Glebe, when mortal, lay,
Ah, Sir, inſtruct me what to ſay!

For me, tho' 'tis no eaſy Task,
To clear theſe Queſtions, Folks may ask
You with your Sovereign, or without,
May ſoon, my Lord, reſolve each Doubt.

Shou'd I beneath your Fame extend,
Nor taſte that Bounty I commend;
Far from your Smiles an Exile live,
Some might ſuſpect the Praiſe I give.

As then your Vertues I unfold,
How wou'd it grieve me to be told,
(My ſelf a poor neglected Name)
I flatter'd, when I ſung your Fame?

Forgetting then your Poet's Lay,
Give not your Foes a Cauſe to ſay,
On Earth they cou'd one Mortal find,
To whom *NEWCASTLE* was not kind.

FINIS.

443829